

# Birmingham

Amanda Marshall

Virgil Spencer's got a 19 inch Hitachi  
And many demons lingering  
Friday night, he pulled a gun to change the channel  
Something that he picked up from the King  
His wife remembers well the man she knew  
Seems the dreams she had have all turned black and blue  
She's wasted years  
No time for tears

'Cause there's another chance  
A someday soon  
Shining like the Alabama moon  
She's looking for the promised land  
Out beyond the lights of Birmingham

It's 3 am and Virgil's passed out on the sofa  
A fifth of Jim Beam on the floor  
She's packed her bags, she slips the keys out of his pocket  
She's careful not to slam the door  
And as she drives she rubs her rosary  
She's never been so all alone, she's never felt so free  
She got miles to go  
Blind faith and hope

'Cause there's another chance  
And a someday soon  
Shining like the Alabama moon  
She's looking for the promised land  
Out beyond the lights of Birmingham

As the rain falls down upon the interstate  
Any doubts she had are all but washed away  
A long look back  
At Birmingham

'Cause there's another chance  
And a someday soon  
Shining like the Alabama moon  
She's looking for the promised land  
Out beyond the lights of Birmingham

Another chance  
And a someday soon  
Shining like the Alabama moon  
She's looking for the promised land  
Out beyond the lights of, yeah, yeah, Birmingham  
Birmingham

Yeah, yeah  
Ooh, whoa baby  
Yeah, someday soon  
Baby, someday soon  
Yeah, someday soon  
Hey, hey, yeah  
Keep on driving  
Yeah, keep on driving baby, yeah  
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